and blossoms and golden-hued fruit, encompasses this delightful harbour ; while corals, sea-weeds, zoophytes and fish of every possible tint and colour, are seen, as in a wild garden, beneath the trans-parent waters on which we are floating "—to the quaint conceits of George Calderon who found " the ocean so big and vague, the island so small and definite. It was as if the captain were a con-jurer and had pulled it out of his pocket. It was cold and grey out there; the sea was rough and the deck was wet; then, suddenly— Tahiti! . . . One can fancy the look of stupid surprise on the face of the god with the fishing-rod/'

That is one way of looking at it, but it was not so that the island opened up to me. I had been journeying for about twenty years to reach the goal, for when the words of magic first burned themselves into my brain it had been impossible to pack traps and go. Looking back

now, I can see that the road that led to Tahiti has been a fairy story in itself, with plenty of ogres and giant castles to be slain or stormed *en route.* At one time, in my wildest dreams, I should never have thought that I should come as I eventually did,